Vol. IV. Numb. 3.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Intereſt made for Parliament-Men. Of the Intereſt made in Southwark *for the* Calves-Head Juſtice. *A Dialogue between* Hodge *and* Dick *concerning the Colours in* Weſtminſter-Hall.

From **Saturday** April the 7th, to **Wednesday** April the 11th, 1705.

Obſ. WELL, Honeſt *Country-man*, what ſay the People at *London*?

Country-m. Say nothing, but about the Parliament, that's the whole Talk of the Town; and they ſay you are to be Hang'd for what you have Written againſt the *Parliament*.

Obſ. I never Writ a Word againſt the *Parliament*; that's Writing againſt our *Conſtitution*, all I have ſaid is relating to the Proceedings of *Parliament*; and the Law of Reaſon allows *Principals* to Cenſure the Actions of their *Deputies*; beſides, I have a good *Engliſh Proverb* on my ſide. *Looſers have leave to ſpeak.* And if the *Parliament* did ſingle me out of the Herd of *Scribblers*, and Publiſh me, throughout the whole Kingdom, for a *Seditious Perſon*, I hope, when they are gone Home, I may Vindicate my ſelf; is it not Natural for a Man ſo to do?

Country-m. Aye, but, Maſter, they ſay 'tis none of your Buſineſs. Here's the *Iriſh* Prieſt's Paper ſays you are an Impudent Fellow in abuſing the *Tackers*, *Who*, he ſays, *are the Honeſteſt Men in the Kingdom.*

Obſ. I am ſure he's an Impudent Fellow in medling with our Affairs. He refuſes to take the Oaths to the *Government*, and therefore he's an Enemy to it. He's a Member neither of the *Church* nor *State* of *England*, and I leave the whole Nation to Judge of the Deſigns of the *Tackers*, when they are juſtify'd by an *Iriſh Nonjuring Prieſt*. Some Mens good Word is the higheſt Scandal, and the *Tackers* Reputation is manifeſt in their *Advocates*.

Country-m. Maſter, you ſay that one who refuſes the Oaths to the *Government* is an Enemy to it. Pray, Sir, did the *Calves-Head Juſtice* refuſe the Oaths to the *Government* in the late Reign or no? The *High-Flyers* in *Southwark* ſay you are wrong in that Point, and he is now making Intereſt to be Elected for that *Burrough*.

Obſ. He did Actually refuſe to take the Oaths to the *Government* on the 28th of *February*, in the Year 1692. and there were then preſent ſeveral *Commiſſioners* and *Aſſeſſors* of the Taxes.

Commiſſioners.		Aſſeſſors.	
Mr.	*Cowper.*	Mr.	*Richard,*
	Wilkinſon,		*Sullock,*
	Harvey,		*Whitſon,*
	Puryor,		*Smith,*
	Hayward,		*Cooper,*
	Tarrant,		*Behn,*
	Cope,		*Sterry,*
	Dutbais,		*Puxton,*
	Ford,		*Biſhop,*
	Hall,		*Bliſs,*
			Pope,
			Oſborn,

Theſe Gentlemen, without doubt, are well enough known in the *Burrough*, and who ever wants to be ſatisfy'd as to that Point, may enquire of them.

We have nothing to do with him as he is a *Juſtice of the Peace*; but as he ſets up for a *Parliament-Man*, any Body may give his Opinion; nay, 'tis every Bodies Duty ſo to do, for the Safety of the *Queen* and *Government* depends upon a good Choice, which can never be if the *Electors* are deceived in the *Candidates*. Is it not as much my Duty to tell my Neighbour that he ſhould not Chuſe ſuch a Member as is likely to deſtroy the *Body Politick*, as it is to tell him he ought not to take a Potion which will deſtroy his *Body Natural*, and which I know to be *Poiſon*?

But the Circumſtances do much heighten the Caſe, You and I, and every Body are concern'd in the Choice of Members. 'Tis their particular Buſineſs to chuſe Members for the *Burrough* of *Southwark* to Repreſent themſelves in *Parliament*; but at the ſame time they chuſe Members for you and me. Their Members, conſider'd ſeparately, are their own proper Repreſentatives, but conjoyn'd with the reſt they are the Repreſentatives of the whole Kingdom, and the Guardians of the *Engliſh Liberties*, and ſurely 'tis every Bodies Concern to endeavour a good Choice?

He that refus'd the Oaths to King *William* is of Courſe an Enemy to Queen *Anne*, and ſuch a Perſon can never be fit to Sit in the *Houſe of Commons* at a Juncture that requires the greateſt *Unanimity of Councils*, and the *Sincereſt Affection* to Her Majeſty.

If a Perſon has uſed all means poſſible to get himſelf into Power, on purpoſe to Diſturb his Neighbourhood, upon the ſame Conſiderations he may attempt to get into the *Houſe of Commons* to Embarraſs the Affairs of the Publick.

It ſeems ſtrange that ſuch a Perſon ſhould gain a Party on ſuch an Account, when the Perſon *Put Up* ſo very much expoſes the *Wiſdom* and *Honeſty* of thoſe that *Put him Up*. For what *Wiſe* and *Honeſt* Man can averr with good Reaſon, that a *Stock-Jobber* is a fit Perſon to Sit in the *Houſe of Commons*? Here lies a Noble Paper at my Elbow, call'd Engliſh *Advice to* Engliſh *Freeholders*, which ſays, *That a Banker ought no more to be a Member of Parliament, than a Butcher upon a Jury.* If not a *Banker*, what think you of a *Stock-Jobber*?

And it may be a Querry to his Party, ſince they are enclin'd to chuſe a *Stock-Jobber* from *Exchange-Alley*, whether they ought not to Pair him with another from the *Colledge* facing *Snow-Hill*?

Beſides, the Meaſures taken to accompliſh the End are highly *Baſe*, if not *Villanous*: 'Tis well known in the *Burrough* what an abominable falſehood has been lately ſpread to bring a *Diſreputation* on a Worthy Gentleman, who had the

Honour

Honour to Represent the *Burrough* for several Years in *Parliament*, a sure Sign that a certain Cause is to be carried on by *Lies* and *Forgery*.

But, Honest *Country-man*, all these things should make the People of *England* the more *Vilgilant* and *Careful* in a new Choice, when they find the Enemies of our Country so very Industrious: We ought not to be a Sleep when they are Waking for our *Destruction*. Her Majesties last Speech from the Throne is a Mark by which we may Steer our Course in our Elections. The *Moderate Man* is the Person we can depend upon in our Choice. Men of *Violent Tempers* and *Passions* can never be Masters of their own Reason, and the heat of their Brains may so far mislead 'em from the real Interest of their Country, as may afford us too long a space for *Repentance*, and that to no purpose.

We must not send our *Members* to *Parliament*, as *Sampson* sent his *Foxes* into the *Fields* of *Corn*, with *Firebrands* in their *Tails*. We don't send 'em thither as *Representatives* of *Billingsgate*, to *Scold*, but to *Consult* for the *Good* of the *People*, which can never be done in a hurry of Passion, which always Confound the Judgment. *Omne perit Judicium quando Res transit in Affectus.*

There are *High-Flyers* and *Sneakers* of all *Parties*, and none of 'em fit to Represent you; the *High-Flyer* will Set so *Elevated* on the *Pinnacle* of his *Opinion*, that mangre the force of *Reason*, he will stick to his own *Inveterate Disposition*, Regardless of the *Common Good*.

The *Sneaker*, as he wants *Courage*, of course he wants *Honesty* too, for *Cowardice* and *Knavery* are inseperate Companions. 'Tis a *Miserable Consideration*, that out of 513 *Members*, many times we have *Divisions* in the *House*, of not above 50 or 60 of a Side, and that, on the most *Important Affairs*; and, that when any *Party Cause* is brought on, the *Divisions* are often amounting to Hundreds; and then to see how *Forward* some are in *Pressing* in, how *Backwards* others, and how *Sly* some in *Sneaking* out, is a *Lamentable Consideration*.

Courage is a *Necessary Qualification* in a *Member*, especially when there happens to be large numbers of *Court-Officers* in the *House*, who Sit there, *Auditors* of their own *Accounts*, and *Vote Money* for themselves. How can *Extravagant Grants*, *Misapplication* of the *Publick Treasure*, *Misgovernment* in the *Ministry*, and *Frauds* in *Offices* be *Detected* and *Punish'd*, when perhaps the same Persons; but certainly their *Brother Officers* have so large a share in the *Votes*, besides so many that will sneak away at that time out of fear of *Displeasing* the *Court*.

'Tis true, our *Courtiers* in the *House*, this *Parliament*, have behaved themselves better than sometimes have shown Us. We have a *Good Queen* now on the *Throne*, and may She long Sit there; but I am afraid those that Chuse *Courtiers* don't well enough Consider what great *Temptations Offices* and *Employments Men* be, in Reigns less *Just* and *Designing* on the *Liberties* of *England*. We are to look *Forwards* and *Backwards*, as well as on *Present Times*; and to make *Provision* against future *Contingencies*, is the part of a *Wise* and *Provident People*.

Country-m. Master, I have got a parcel of the *Finest Letters* out of the *Country*, that ever I saw, Directed for you, but I shan't show 'em to you till the next *Meeting*, because I have got a Copy of Verses, call'd, *A Dialogue betwixt* Roger *and* Dick, just such Fellows as mine own *Country self*, which I'll Read you, and then to Bed.

As Hodge *and* Dick, *who lately came*
From Litchfield *and from* Nottingham,
Walk'd up the long Litigious Hall,
Where Knaves at one another Brawl.
Quoth Hodge, Adzookers what are these,
That hang Aloft as thick as Bees?
Dick, *who, besides his Country Tricks,*
Was hugely Vers'd in Politicks;
And never miss'd a Market-Day
To Read what Jones *and* Dyer *say,*
Thus Gravely answer'd: Friend, *quoth he,*
I Marl at thy Stupidity:
If thou hadst Read, as I have done,
The News that Weekly comes to Town,
Thoud'st not been Ignorant, but now
Listen a while and you shall know.
These, on the Right, are what we took
From *Frenchmen*, by the Noble *R*——.
Those on the Left from *Bleinheim* came,
Where *Marlborough* increas'd his Fame:
For thus, in most of your Addresses
The matter wonderful expres is;
They tell you plainly how that we
Obtain'd a Double Victory.
First one at Land, then one at Sea.
A Jolly Red-Coat standing by,
Cry'd out, You Whoreson that's a Lye:
Come up you Dog, and then look back,
Here's neither *Pennant*, *Flag* nor *Jack.*
With that an Honest Tar step'd in,
Before a Quarrel could begin,
Cry'd, Hold fast Brother, that is true,
These Trophies all belong to you;
We Fought the *French* indeed, but they
Would not be Beat, but Run-away.
We saw their Flags, but could not catch 'em,
But *Shovel's* going now to Fetch 'em.
They all shook Hands but Dick, *and he*
Was Plaguily concern'd to see,
They'd spoil'd his Noble Rookery.

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